

One Union: One Label

One Enemy

ORGANIZATION EDUCATION EMANCIPATION

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOL. XII. NO. 34—(WHOLE NO. 714)

Subscription for one year (12 issues) \$2.00

For six months (6 issues) \$1.00

SEATTLE, WASH. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1930.

Official Western Organ

OF THE
Industrial Workers of the World

5 Cents a Copy

"HONOR" CODES REVEALED IN QUIZ

JAMES MC INERNEY IS DEAD

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 14.—Fellow Worker James McInerney, one of the Class War prisoners, died in the prison hospital at Walla Walla Wednesday morning, Aug. 13, at 8:21 of a complication of tuberculosis and spinal meningitis. He had been sick since the Centralia trial in 1919 for his part in the defense of I. W. W. hall from the attack by a mob of soldiers on Nov. 11, 1919.

Fellow Worker McInerney was born in County Clare, Ireland. He was one of the passengers on the ill-fated *Versova* which was waylaid and sunk by the British blockade ship *HMS* on Nov. 5, 1916. He was wounded by a shot fired from the dock. When the conspiracy to raid the hall in Centralia was hatched, he was pointed out by one of the future members as "one of the damned I. W. W.'s we will have to run off town." He was one of the chosen individuals to accuse personally and asked him if he had any personal grievance against him. Needless to say, he was not attacked. Later, after the mob had done its work he was tortured in the Centralia jail in an effort to make James McInerney his fellow worker. In spite of the torture he held the ring placed by the cowardly Jackals around his neck torturing the flesh, he made that famous debt:

"You can go to hell!"

McInerney was murdered by the capitalist class. A man of magnificent physique, his body, when he was found in the prison fare down his physical resistance and caused his death. His is the first death to occur among the eight men originally sent to prison. The others are still there.

CALIFORNIA MILLS MAKE 10 PER CENT CUT

SAN ANSELVILLE, Calif., Aug. 5.—The Lason Lumber and Box company today made effective a 10 per cent reduction in wages of all its employees.

Officials of the company announced that the wage slash affected all of the company's employees, to the number of approximately 200.

A statement accompanying the announcement of the reduction attributed the slash to depreciation of the lumber market.

The wage cut is the second to be announced by the lumber interests in California this week. The first was that of the Red River Lumber Company at Westwood, where a 15 per cent wage cut was effected Monday.

Officials of the latter company stated that the wage cuts would be made generally by lumber companies on the Pacific Coast.

HEAVY INFUX OF LABOR IN Klamath

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Aug. 14.—A heavy influx of labor from everywhere keeps the number of unemployed at a high figure. Announcements of railroad, power project and other construction being undertaken, or contemplated have served to attract unemployed from other districts out of all proportion to actual demand for labor.

JAMES MC INERNEY FUNERAL NOTICE

All fellow workers and friends who have autographs to get in touch with Secretary of State James McInerney, 5179, 512½ Second Ave., if they are in a position to help in the funeral arrangements, by carrying one or more members or friends of the late Fellow Worker McInerney to attend his funeral at Centralia.

The funeral will be from the First Reynolds Funeral Home in Centralia at 10 a. m. on Wednesday, Aug. 20. Those wishing to attend will gather at the Labor Temple, 827 N. Tower Ave. in Centralia at 10:30 p. m. where they will form and proceed to the funeral parlors. James P. Thompson and Earl S. Smith will be in charge of the services. All workers who can get there are urged to attend. As many as can be accommodated will be carried from the hall in Seattle by members who have cars.

Memories of James McInerney

By THE SPECTATOR.

McRae, do you remember the Irish boy into whose eyes you could not look, who was on the dock at Everett on the 5th of November, 1917? The Irish lad that lay on the dock with a piece of lead in his body that had been fired by one of your gunmen?

The fellow that laughed at your kicks and curses, despite the intense suffering he was undergoing, and who, politely told you to go to hell, when you asked his name? Surely you will recall him, for that scornful laugh of his must be ringing in your ears yet?

And, foreman Welch, you of logging camp fame, do you ever rust your hand-sabotaged overalls twisted jaw and call to mind the reason you were sent to jail? Didn't you know that the record of your hard-earned reputation should have had to have his jaw broken by a smiling eyed Irishman, before you could learn that it did not pay to call wobbly son's of b-i-t? It was tough, off you to be beaten by a man half your size especially before the camp crew but you privately admitted that he was a real man. Too bad you were not man enough to admit as much publicly instead of making that blathering statement that someday you would "get him." Well—

Then, too, we wonder if, F. B. Hubbard and Warren Grimm, as you lie in your graves, and if there be such a thing as an after life, if you can screw up sufficient courage to face the little fellow whose smiling black eyes remained cold and dispassionate. The fatigued, capless, ragged, out-on-the-streets of Centralia, one of those damned I. W. W. agitators that had to be driven to the streets of town. You know who we mean, the fellow who overheard your remark and turned to ask you if you had any grievance to settle with him and also asked if you would be so kind as to tell such grievances to him personally. Yes, it would be nice to know what you are doing now if there is a hereafter, for this Irish fellow is now—

Livingstone, Cormier, Churchill, McCrary, Russell and Wilson are your friends blanched to a chalky whiteness these days? Are your hands inclined to tremble when you talk about Tower Avenue? Are you thinking of that nice hall that was tied around an Irishman's neck on the night of November 11th, 1919? Remember, he was strung up there in the so high that his toes barely touch the floor, and he was left in that position throughout the entire night, fastened to a timber, too, how often was he punched and kicked and cursed? Then there was that left eye that was swollen so badly that it was entirely closed and that nasty looking scar in his mouth where teeth had been knocked out and that nasty looking tear on his lower lip, made from the heavy boot. Then how odd he appeared in the gray light of the early morning after he had been cut down from his hanging perch; his head was twisted to one side, the chin indented inwards so much. Surely, you must all remember the morning of 1920, that letter referring to him in part and that fellow took the illegal job you had given him with a smile and his eyes were telling you to go to hell, weren't they? You played you part well and now that laughing eyed Irishman—well HE'S DEAD. Aren't you glad, aren't all of you glad? The thing you did not dare to do those earlier years has now been accomplished and you all played your part in bringing it about. I SHOUT AT YOU THAT YOU MAY HEAR THAT YOU MAY DANCE AND PRANCE AND WALK WITH YOUR HEAD UP AND YOUR WINGS SPREAD. You will not have been here then when he died? What, you don't? Oh, I understand, you are afraid those blue eyes would have swelled and the lips would have frayed that stinging sentence, "GO TO HELL."

Yes, Jim McInerney is dead. His death was brought about by his confinement in Walla Walla penitentiary where he contracted T. B. as a result of the weakened condition he was in from the many beatings he had received at the hands and the heft of the lumber barons of Washington. Jim is dead and they rejoice but if a comparison was to be made of him and any of those who tortured him he would stand out as a Messiah would alongside of a little red ant. He was a man, a fighter and true to his last breath to the ideals he cherished and believed in.

And Mr. Wilson, you of the judicial crown and the black robe, is your heart rejoicing now? Do you feel that you have done your bit and in such a heroic way? Recall the letter you wrote one time about a little affair that happened in your town and of how you praised your heroes? Then recall the fellow with the blue eyes and the strangely twisted head who punched you out-of-malice, excepting that he had a right in it. In November, 1919, that letter referred to him in part and that fellow took the illegal job you had given him with a smile and his eyes were telling you to go to hell, weren't they? You played you part well and now that laughing eyed Irishman—well HE'S DEAD. Aren't you glad, aren't all of you glad? The thing you did not dare to do those earlier years has now been accomplished and you all played your part in bringing it about. I SHOUT AT YOU THAT YOU MAY HEAR THAT YOU MAY DANCE AND PRANCE AND WALK WITH YOUR HEAD UP AND YOUR WINGS SPREAD. You will not have been here then when he died? What, you don't? Oh, I understand, you are afraid those blue eyes would have swelled and the lips would have frayed that stinging sentence, "GO TO HELL."

Yes, Jim McInerney is dead. His death was brought about by his confinement in Walla Walla penitentiary where he contracted T. B. as a result of the weakened condition he was in from the many beatings he had received at the hands and the heft of the lumber barons of Washington. Jim is dead and they rejoice but if a comparison was to be made of him and any of those who tortured him he would stand out as a Messiah would alongside of a little red ant. He was a man, a fighter and true to his last breath to the ideals he cherished and believed in.

Police Brutality at Minot, N. D.

"UNION" BRAKEMAN ACCUSES TWO MEN OF ASSAULTS AND VANISHES

Workers Are Arrested and Brutally Beaten Up By Local Police
Chief and Motorcycle Officer. Third Degree Is Administered
in Effort To Force False Confession.

MINOT, N. Dak., Aug. 7.—We arrived here today from New Rockford. There were three of us altogether, Bert Williams, delegate, Earle Gunn and myself, William Patton. Gunn and Williams were standing by the Soo Line tracks when they were arrested by a clown and taken to the police station.

When I returned to where I had left my fellow workers, the law grabbed me by the collar and said "all of us." He is a union man, and he told them several pet names and said he'd like to work on them. They were accused of "throwing" a man off the train coming in Minot. The head brakeman of the hall in Seattle was the one who put the finger on

chief in his office, and a half hour later he was brought in and told all the chief's orders. Gunn got beaten up once and upon my arrival I got the same third degree was administered in an effort to make us agree we were guilty. Needless to say they failed in their purpose and we were rushed to the judge.

This warty gentleman delivered a speech to the workers, who organize to fight the farmers. "We give you our bread and butter, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves"—and so on. They sentenced us to thirty days for vagrancy after we had pleaded guilty. We figured we could save the organization money by getting out of the way, so they gave us a more rest for us. They don't allow any tobacco to the prisoners here but there is a hole in the screen through which we get a cigarette once in a while. The judge, Kangaroo Cox, said that we, the I. W. W., were out of date, up here and that he was "a gomma" teach us a lesson. Little does he know that the men that he is here to represent in his mind realize that he was far

(Continued on Page 2)

BILLINGS UNDERGOES GRILLING AT FOLSOM BUT FEW NEW POINTS ARE BROUGHT OUT BY THE QUIZ

Frank Admission of Previous Career Fails To Involve Either Mooney or Billings In Any Connection With Bomb Outrage.

Special to *Industrial Worker*

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—The unique spectacle of a Supreme Court sitting within the walls of a penitentiary was enacted in Folsom Prison last night and today. Warren Billings was put under a merciless grilling to elicit information of his past activities. The entire energies of the official questioner, Judge Preston, were directed to establishing the fact of the guilt of the prisoner of previous crimes, even if he were not guilty of the crime of which he has been convicted. It was a desperate effort to justify the frame-up upon the grounds that the ends justified the means.

The most striking point brought out was the statement that Billings previous conviction in 1913 for carrying dynamite was the result of the activities of Edgar E. Harley, former head of the A. F. of L. electrical workers, now serving as State Senator from Oakland. The prisoner admitted that he was hired to carry a suit-case containing dynamite from San Francisco to Oakland by Harley. He was to receive \$25 for the job. He admitted that the high fee aroused his suspicion but that he did not investigate the contents of the suit case. He delivered the suit case to the rendezvous appointed and was then arrested by police planted there for this purpose. The chief point of implication is clear that this was a set piece arranged in the campaign of Detective Martin Hanson, of the P. G. & E. Co. in his campaign to "get" Mooney and Billings. The reflection upon Harley is denied by him but he evidently in the good graces of the corrupt employing interests of San Francisco was instrumental in his political success. Capitalist interests in the California city do not favor labor politicians unless they serve some purpose useful to them. Harley was exposed long ago by Fremont Older as a labor falter of the most pronounced type.

The examination brought forth nothing that would have ever remotely connected Billings with the bombing of the Preparedness Day bombing of July 22, 1916. As the merciless grilling progressed, Billings frankly admitted his part in the bitter labor war of 1913-14. He admitted his activity as a labor spy in the shoe workers' strike. But not a thing, damn it, did he say about Mooney. Rather, he became evident that both Mooney and Billings were caught in the subtle meshes of the traps and intrigues of the Employers' Association in their merciless and unprincipled war upon union labor during the period following the Schmitz and Ruef regime. That underground espionage and retaliatory coups were made by both sides in the labor war became apparent. But it was entirely aside from any connection with the case under investigation. The innocence rather than guilt of the two victims of the labor struggle of any connection with the bomb outrage was established. Even the admitted acts of sabotage of Billings in which he was betrayed by the stool pigeons of the employers plainly showed that these were only served to clear up the mystery behind the hitherto suspected activity of Billings.

That the activities of the employers' association involved the planting of evidence, the agent-provocateur procured crimes as well as unlimited violence and espionage is apparent. The retaliatory acts of the laborites sink into minor proportions before the campaign of basality of the trade interests, as revealed by the investigation.

The indignation was all for the sake of the labor. High points of honor were raised as a fail to point out the bad character of the witness. But not a sign of regret was breathed for the actions of the employers brought to light.

At one point in the interrogation Judge Preston asked,

"After following up this slimy trail; do you have any last words to recommend a pardon for?"

"I am innocent, and want honest justice," was Billings' reply.

But the perjuries of Crowley, evidently procured by Detective Hanson, those of Edias, McDonald, Estelle Smith and many others; as well as the dynamite episode that sent Billings to prison in 1913, in which he was treated as more accident than malice, made it evident that the officials in their zeal to serve the capitalist cause did not care for the means of achieving the ends justified the means." It was a queer exhibition of class codes of honor.

The editors assail our prison and jail, which hold men like a snare. Then rise to applaud their Mammon god That puts men "over there."

—J. Baster.

THE SEEKERS IN A SEATTLE DEPT. STORE

By The SPECTATOR.

All day long they come in an unending stream. Tall women, short women—old, young and middle aged. Some with the doll like faces procured only their long usage of cosmetics, their lips and cheeks highly colored and their sex accentuated at every move. Others with faces marked with wrinkles that the best of cosmetics will never remove, hair that is grey tuckered, mangled and needs to hide it from eye of employment officers. A few walk with the erect carriage of youth. They smile and appear to have every confidence in their youthful appearance securing them a job—they are new to the world of work and have not yet been rebuked. They have not yet felt the scorn of a world that wants no more employees. But the vast majority of these seekers are old, and their eyes are not bold. They bow their heads and would bend them if it was thought advisable for the privilege of selling their feeble power.

The line forms early in the morning and when closing time comes at evening there are still women there waiting their chance to get an employment application blank filled out. At a desk behind an open window-like structure a kindly faced girl passes out the card board applications methodically. She does not appreciate the drama of it all—she has never had to struggle for a job, has never had to pit her appearance and her voice against the bony market of that of another. Her story to each applicant is the same. "Please fill out this application blank and return it to me. We will file it and phone you when your services are required. No, we do not need any help today. Hurry, please, they are waiting behind you."

An occasional woman will insist on saying things, will insist on selling her story and demand preference over others. They will advance reasons without number and to hear them is a revelation. One lady was pregnant and had lost her husband. She had no work for a month and was in great distress. Another woman was a widow and sole provider for a family of nine and she had been without work for weeks, sustaining her self and her brood on what food she could retrieve from garbage cans. A third said she was without a shelter and had not eaten for three days. And so the stories went on, many were the same but all were heartrending. All day long they come, in an unending stream. Need we say more?

